

Lack of Heat

In the two-bedroom apartment,
the whirl of the heater
is the only guest.
I sit at our oak table
with nicks from day to day life
dreaming of then: not as I am here now
alone, no, you were with me. And we
were the rhythmic
blowing heat, expected
and unnoticed.
Hot air
Intertwined

with the cold.

Laura Seng

Captive

The door closed our secret breathing behind
a window taped over with recital posters.
You trace your hand along my arm and
whisper of how this story could, turn, .
twist, and
become
"if you were mine"
the blue of your sweater screams against the
darkness of the air depleting coughing
stars
against the untouchable pillows of my